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The Snowy Fields

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THROUGH REVOLVING TIME (For Herbert)

1.

birds
sing wild
in the ever-singing
sunlight
in the ever-turning
sky
sing high
through revolving time
like words
in the still
night

2.

birds
sing high
through revolving time
like words
sing wild
in the still
sunlight
in the ever-singing
sky
in the ever-turning
night

3.

like words
in the still
sky
in the ever-turning
sunlight
birds
sing wild
sing high
through revolving time
in the ever-singing
night

THE SNOWY FIELDS (For Robert Bly)

1.

Driving through the new snow
between the silent fields. Michigan.

If I was to walk across that field
I'd meet myself coming quietly back
through the snow. A ghost.

2.

The whole country
is snowing today.
Everyone everywhere
is alone today.
Like the sparrows
that shiver on the wires.

PAINTING (For Roy Carruthers)

Lines. Twenty snowy mountains.
The eye of the blackbird.
Van Gogh at St. Remy. Screaming in sun colors.

Leaves ride the gutters
through the streets. In the shadows
lonely men pass. An owl screeches the wind

through the fingers of the trees.
The river is moving. Singing madly
through time.